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SUPPLY.

"Why does all heaven move toward be-
holding you?" Nathaniel Buffers
Empty the brook-fed basin high on
the mountain side
Drain it dry by hand, and make it dry
as you will.
The fishes that guide the waters no vacu-
um can abide,
They rush, they join, they hark their threads
in a foaming tide.
And down they hurry and hasten the
spout pool to refill.
Empty the sphere of glass, exhaust its last
spent air.
Breathe it and make it sure, and deem your
work complete.
Let but a pin pierce the fabric anywhere,
And the urgent and crowding air
At your swift touch, and laugh
Will enter and fill the space, and laugh
At your swift touch, and laugh
So to the empty chambers of these crav-
ing souls of ours
Comes the invisible grace which breathes
from the Lord of Heaven,
Comes as comes to the sand the tide with
its freshening power,
Comes as comes to the harvest the solac-
ing summer shower.
As to thirst of the desert the draft which
in life is given.
Ours be ready and wait, and Heaven shall
haste to bless.
Empty the old wine out and make a
place for the new.
Swifter than rushing wind shall the force
drive down
And the pitiful Lord instead of the want
shall give the peace of peace and the
fulness of joy to you.
—Basil Copley, in S. S. Times.

LAST OF THE BUFFALO.

The American Bison Is Fast Disap-
pearing from the Continent.

A New Breeding Ground Has Recently
Been Established at Adrian, Mich.—
A Happy and Growing Fam-
ily at Page Park.

ERIEANS one of the
most remarkable
things in the na-
tional history of
the American con-
tinent is the rapid dis-
appearance of the
buffalo, which erst-
while roamed over
vast ranges of territory in almost count-
less herds and in absolutely countless
numbers. The American bison, more
popularly and commonly termed the
buffalo, is the last of three varieties of
this peculiar species of the ox family.
The first was the Eur-Asiatic variety,
which in the days of Bonaparte and
Remus roamed through the forests of
Gaul and Germania, now, like its Amer-
ican cousin, nearly extinct, being found
very rarely in the forests of Lithuania.
The second of the species is the Indian
bison, frequenting the wooded ranges of
the Himalayas; and the third, the
short-necked, broad-headed, and shoul-
dered fellows, with whose appear-

ance every American schoolboy is fa-
miliar, although living specimens have
for some years been growing more
and more rare, until the entire family has
been threatened with extinction.
The American bison has a reputation as
a fighter. Yet naturalists say he is
the most peaceful and inoffensive of the
mammal family. If the scientists who
write books on natural history are to be
credited, then plainsmen, hunters and
all writers of the wild western school
must be the direct descendants of
Annas.

These animals in days of yore ranged
over all that portion of North America
west of the Hudson and Alleghenies
and south of the Columbia river; but
for many years they crowded to the
east of the Father of Waters and crowd-
ed ever westward toward the setting
sun, having apparently distanced the
Indian on the route toward utter ex-
tinction.

In anticipation of such consumma-
tion the Smithsonian institution at
Washington, anxious to preserve some
specimens of the American bison, not
many years ago sent a commissioner
into the far west to procure the neces-
sary hides and heads of male and female
specimens, to be stuffed and set up in
the museum. So hard had these ani-
mals become that it required long and
vigilant search, and not only through
the most unexpected luck, after a dis-
couraging failure, was the messenger
able to secure the desired trophies.
With the exception of a small and rap-
idly diminishing herd in the Yellow-
stone country and another among the
hills of New Hampshire, the types of
bison to be seen to-day are almost
entirely confined to one or two manage-
d specimens in menageries and zoos at-
tached to public parks. Their propaga-
tion by private enterprise has, however,
recently been attempted, and the prom-
ises to be a well-equipped and suc-
cessful breeding ground has just been
established with the father of the
city of Adrian, Mich.

Michigan, one of the leading spirits in the
enterprise are Messrs. J. Wallace Page
and Walter Clement.
Commencing in a small way some time
ago they fitted up a corral in which were
placed a cow, a yearling, a doe, a kid,
a wild cat and some deer, trophies of the
hunt and donations from time to time
of friendly Nimrods. These constituted
the happy family, until their num-
bers increased to such an extent that it
no longer became possible to maintain
the necessary extensive corral. Finally
the advent of a winter storm and the
extension of the territory devoted to
this incipient zoo a matter of necessity.
A picturesque location of some ten
acres was purchased in the northwest-
ern suburb of the city, which was
strongly fenced in and duly partitioned,
into the amateur menagerie
was turned loose. The park consists
of rich, rolling land, partially wooded,
with lots of good pasture, and a minia-
ture herd of about three acres. In the
southwest corner is what was once a
commodious farm dwelling, which is
now used as a residence by the keeper of
the grounds. The original arrivals
turned here comprised a number of
deer, indigenous to the forests of
upper Michigan. These were reinforced
by some elk, several of which have
been trained to harness. About one
third of the total number were females,
and during last summer a number of
their ilk were born there.

A short time ago Mr. Clement con-
ceived the idea of introducing a herd of
buffalo, believing that the shaggy de-
scendants of the erstwhile monarchs of
the plains would increase, flourish and
grow fat. The culmination of this idea
was seen a little later, when a massive
male specimen, about nine years old,
four females as a retinue, was im-
ported and turned out to browse on the
rich sward of Page park. The female
quartet of the combination consists of
one yearling heifer and three cows, just
past two years old, their weights rang-
ing from 600 to 900 pounds.

The procurement of the Page herd
was not altogether an easy matter. It
was one thing to resolve to get and
raise buffaloes, and quite another thing
to find the necessary nucleus for such a
family. In order to carry out his pro-
ject Mr. Clement found it necessary, in-
stead of seeking the land of the setting
sun, to stalk the wilds and fastnesses of
Lincoln park, Chicago. Not long ago
he noticed that the superintendent of
Lincoln park, H. C. Alexander, had de-
termined to dispose of a surplus of
specimens, which in the days of Bonaparte
and Remus roamed through the forests of
Gaul and Germania, now, like its Amer-
ican cousin, nearly extinct, being found
very rarely in the forests of Lithuania.

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BRADDOCK IN HISTORY.

The British General Was a Brave
and Daring Soldier.

Washington Himself Tried to Disabuse
the People of His Day of its
Prejudice Against the Un-
fortunate Chieftain.

(Special Washington Letter.)
Rhythmic rhymesters are not poets.
Makers of verses are as numerous as the
stars. One of the philosophers of the
latter instint and breeding can make
rhymes which last throughout the ages.

It was the philosophic, pedantic,
nervous, satirical and learned Longfel-
low who said that:
"We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time."

There are footprints all along the
beach of history. The waves may sweep,
the surf may beat, and the breakers
may scold and storm, but the footprints
made by some men will last forever.
No political or scholastic seismic dis-
turbance can wipe out the footprints of
Confucius, Zoroaster, Caesar, Crom-
well, Washington or Lincoln.

Their footprints will last forever.
You all have heard of Braddock and his
alleged valorous effort to conduct an
Indian campaign. Writers glorify-
ing Washington have minimized Brad-
dock, one of the greatest military minds
of his age. It is not true that he
marched against the Indians with the
expectation of chasing them like
bits. That story originated with
friends of Washington, and if he were
now here he would repudiate the story.
Braddock knew that he was entering
into a hostile country, and would have
to compete with savages whose meth-
ods were new to him. He realized be-
fore he left England that he had a ter-
rible and dangerous campaign before
him. But he was a soldier and marched
into the path of duty until he fell
upon the field of noble, honorable bat-
tle.

George Anne Bellamy, one of the
most gifted writers in English prose, pub-
lished two books in 1785, which showed
something about Gen. Braddock's life
which all the people should know. As
the centenary of John Calverly, I. F.,
has been celebrated, and as he secured for
him the agencies of the
masterpieces of no less than a dozen
regimental commanders in the British
army, among them that of Gen. Brad-
dock, this multiplying Calverly's in-
come to a princely figure. On page 193
of volume 2 Miss Bellamy says:
"Gen. Braddock, whom I had been
known from my infancy, and who was
particularly fond of me, was about this
period appointed to go to America.
From our intimacy he gave me his
agency without my applying for it.
While he was making the necessary
preparations for his voyage he was
more frequently than usual at our
house. The evening before his depart-
ure he supped with me, accompanied by
his two aide-de-camp, Maj. Burton
(who had just lost his much loved
wife and my darling friend), and
Capt. Orme. Before we parted the
general told me he should never see me
more, for he was going with a hundred
of men to conquer the nations, and to
do this they must cut their way through
unknown woods. He produced a map
of the country, saying at the same time
that he was going to the aid of the
"We are sent like sacrifices to the
event of the expedition too fatally
verified the general's expectations. On
returning he put into my hands a pa-
per, which proved to be his will."
This will was drawn up in favor of
John Calverly, to whom it bequeathed
property valued at \$10,000. On page 53
of volume 3 the actress narrates further,
after referring to the news of Brad-
dock's death:
"A demand was made from the treas-
ury for the government plate left us by
the late unfortunate Gen. Braddock."

Gen. Braddock knew that he was not
undertaking a holiday excursion, but
must "cut his way through unknown
woods" for the purpose of conquering
"whole nations" thereby showing
that he did not underrate the savage
battles in the new world. He was a
brave and worthy soldier who has not
yet secured his proper place in history.

I was reminded of Braddock's march
and the disastrous termination of his
effort by the fact that an histor-
ical stone near the bank of the Potomac
by an old resident who showed me
Braddock's rock.

Gen. Braddock, generalissimo
of his British majesty's forces in Amer-
ica, were to revisit this earthly stage
and observe that the lonely spot on
which his statue stands is the site of
his ill-starred expedition against Fort
Duquesne in the now geographical cen-
ter of the national American capital,
bearing the name of his one battle and
slide-camp, George Washington, he
would doubtless exclaim, as he ex-
claimed regarding his disastrous
last march: "What would
have thought?"

Probably nobody would, for the co-
incidence is too extraordinary; but

such is the irony of fate, the fact is
true. The ground whereon Brad-
dock first set foot is practically the key
to the city of Washington, almost equi-
distant from either end of it and afford-
ing to an invading force the readiest
approach by water.

At that time, at the opening of the
French and Indian war, and for half a
century afterward, there was no city of
Washington. The country hereabouts
was a comparative wilderness. George
Washington was but a strapping
colored in the Virginia militia. No
one dreamed of independence of the
British crown, and all of the English
colonies were bracing themselves to
resist the encroachments of the crown.
Alexandria, then a colonial village
eight miles down the Virginia side of
the Potomac, was the recruiting point
of Braddock's army. Thither his little
fleet of two warships and half a dozen
transportes, under Commodore Keppel,
had proceeded from Hampton with two
regiments of 200 men each, to be aug-
mented later by 400 Virginia troops.
Braddock, himself, with his own per-
sonal retinue, got separated from the
remainder of his party and landed on
this side of the river opposite Annapolis
island, at what is now at the foot of
Twenty-fifth street in Washington, then
a stretch of woods. Braddock's vessel
was drawn close up to shore and
moored to a big bowlder protruding
from the shore, upon which, to im-
agine, he stamped his boot and
struck a dramatic attitude in dis-
embarking.

Braddock has ever since been
known, to those who have known of it

as "Braddock's rock," and to this day
it is still intact and unmoiled by
stone epher or zelle hunter. It is in-
deed of any account in history, though
if Braddock's expedition against
Duquesne had been successful this un-
pretentious bowlder might now be
famous as another Plymouth rock,
famous for the landing of the Pil-
grims. Braddock would doubtless
have won for himself not only the fame
that fell to Gen. Forbes and to Gen.
Amherst for the capture of Crown
Point and Ticonderoga, but also that
which in 1729 he won for his success
at Quebec, all resulting in the
relinquishment of French authority on
the American continent. Braddock
was probably never so revered as one
of the prime early heroes of this west-
ern world and the course of his
progress would be accounted as paths
of glory, held in for four centuries
in the course of which Crete developed
into one of the most prosperous and
wealthy states in Europe. After a
series of hope and despair, lasted
years, and in which a number of Italian
states took active part, the country
was wrested from the Venetians by the
Turks, and made a Turkish province in
1669.

The natives were oppressed by their
conquerors and the numerous indus-
tries established under the mild Ven-
etian rule were taxed out of existence.
From being the most affluent people in
the Greek archipelago the Cretans be-
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FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM.

The Cretan Struggle for Liberty
and Independence.

Heracles B played by the Poor-Fish
Patriots on the Island of Crete—Turkish
Crete Gave Renewed Strength
to Their Cause.

(Special Letter.)
Recently the cable brought the ter-
rible news that in Cana, the principal
city of the island of Crete, 1,000 persons
had been massacred by Turkish troops.
Five hundred women and children es-
caped from the infuriated mercenaries
of the sultan by seeking refuge in the
Christian churches, where they would
have starved to death had not the En-
glish and French warships stationed in
the harbor come to their rescue and
furnished them with the necessities of
life. All the bodies of the slain were
mutilated, and in many instances the
eyes of the victims had been gouged
out. And all this in the face of the fact
that six great powers—Russia, Ger-
many, Great Britain, France, Italy and
Austria-Hungary—are pledged to pro-
tect the port's Christian subjects.

The Turkish government is fighting
the horrible crime on the protest that the
Corrains are in revolt against the pad-
ishah, that 15,000 armed patriots are
fighting to overthrow the Mussulman
domination established in 1669, and
that they have been guilty of murder-
ing Turkish troops in cold blood. While
it is true that the Cretans are endeavor-
ing to secure freedom, the charge
that they have been guilty of anything
like the atrocities committed by their
taskmasters is absolutely untrue. The
natives of Crete love liberty, are re-
markable for their agility, activity and
bravery, noted for daring and bravery,
are by some reputed to be vindic-
tive, but they are not cruel. Whenever
the patriots have met their opponents
on the field of battle they have treated
them fairly, and the Turkish govern-
ment has been unable to prove a single
case of barbarity against them.

The Cretan is a classic people. His-
tory tells that the island of Crete, or
Candia, which forms the southern
limit of the Grecian archipelago, was
settled by the descendants of the
Phoenicians, Pelasgians and Dorians,
and fable has it that it was first gov-
erned by Minos, whose name is fa-
miliar to every student of Grecian liter-
ature.

treasury at Athens has been compelled,
by popular clamor, to assist the rebel-
lious islanders with cash and provisions.
The present premier of Greece, M.
Delianis, is trying very hard to con-
tinue a policy of neutrality in the
Cretan question, but the chances are
that, unless Turkey is willing to make
far-reaching concessions, he will be
forced to recede from his position.

There is no doubt that the porte will
no longer be willing to granting partial
self-government to Crete, but the pa-
triotists have been deceived so often by
their oppressors that reforms which
would have been welcomed with de-
light a few years ago are no longer attractive.
Like the Cubans, they are fighting for
complete independence and eventual
annexation to Greece.

Should the Athens government con-
clude to comply with the popular de-
mand and interfere in favor of the pa-
triotists, Turkey would have to give up

the struggle, for although the Greeks
are poor, they are rich when compared
with the Turkish King George, who is
under the influence of the Russian for-
eign office, some determined, how-
ever, not to risk anything that might
compromise his kingdom and the sta-
bility of his shaky throne.

The other European powers are un-
willing to do anything for the patriots
because the time for the division of Eu-
ropean Turkey has, in the opinion of
their diplomats, not yet arrived. And
the advent of this time, since the
subjects of the sultan will continue to
be murdered in cold blood in spite of
the protests of the people of every civ-
ilized nation in the world, is a general in-
ternational politics, as played by the
allied states of to-day, the promise of
spoils to come is a more potent fac-
tor than the blood of martyrs and the hon-
or of heroic women.

But whatever the diplomats may say
or do, the poorly-fed, shabby-clad pa-
triotists of Crete will continue the holy
warfare against their Mohammedan op-
pressors. And the same can be said of
the heroes of Macedonia who are even
now driving the sultan's troops out of
the land of Alexander the Great.

In itself the war in Crete is of trifling
interest to the people of America, but
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But whatever the diplomats may say
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not until the beginning of the present
year did the uprising assume propor-
tions of such magnitude that the
Turkish war office had to send special
troops to Cana and other strategic
points.

Nothing could give the reader a more
comprehensive idea of the misgov-
ernment of the Turks than a mere state-
ment of the fact that the population
of Crete, which was 500,000 when the
Venetians lost control of the island,
had fallen to 210,000 in 1870, and to 200,
000 in 1880.

The massacre at Cana is seriously
embarrassing the government of Greece.
The Cretans have always had the sym-
pathy of the people of the Hellenic
states, and several times the royal



GEORGE I, KING OF GREECE.

treasury at Athens has been compelled,
by popular clamor, to assist the rebel-
lious islanders with cash and provisions.
The present premier of Greece, M.
Delianis, is trying very hard to con-
tinue a policy of neutrality in the
Cretan question, but the chances are
that, unless Turkey is willing to make
far-reaching concessions, he will be
forced to recede from his position.

There is no doubt that the porte will
no longer be willing to granting partial
self-government to Crete, but the pa-
triotists have been deceived so often by
their oppressors that reforms which
would have been welcomed with de-
light a few years ago are no longer attractive.
Like the Cubans, they are fighting for
complete independence and eventual
annexation to Greece.

Should the Athens government con-
clude to comply with the popular de-
mand and interfere in favor of the pa-
triotists, Turkey would have to give up

the struggle, for although the Greeks
are poor, they are rich when compared
with the Turkish King George, who is
under the influence of the Russian for-
eign office, some determined, how-
ever, not to risk anything that might
compromise his kingdom and the sta-
bility of his shaky throne.

The other European powers are un-
willing to do anything for the patriots
because the time for the division of Eu-
ropean Turkey has, in the opinion of
their diplomats, not yet arrived. And
the advent of this time, since the
subjects of the sultan will continue to
be murdered in cold blood in spite of
the protests of the people of every civ-
ilized nation in the world, is a general in-
ternational politics, as played by the
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